MARVEL
LIMITED SERIES
3 of 6
MILLIGAN
ROBERTSON
RAMOS
TOXIN
SON OF CARNAGE!
THE NEW AVENGERS TIE-IN
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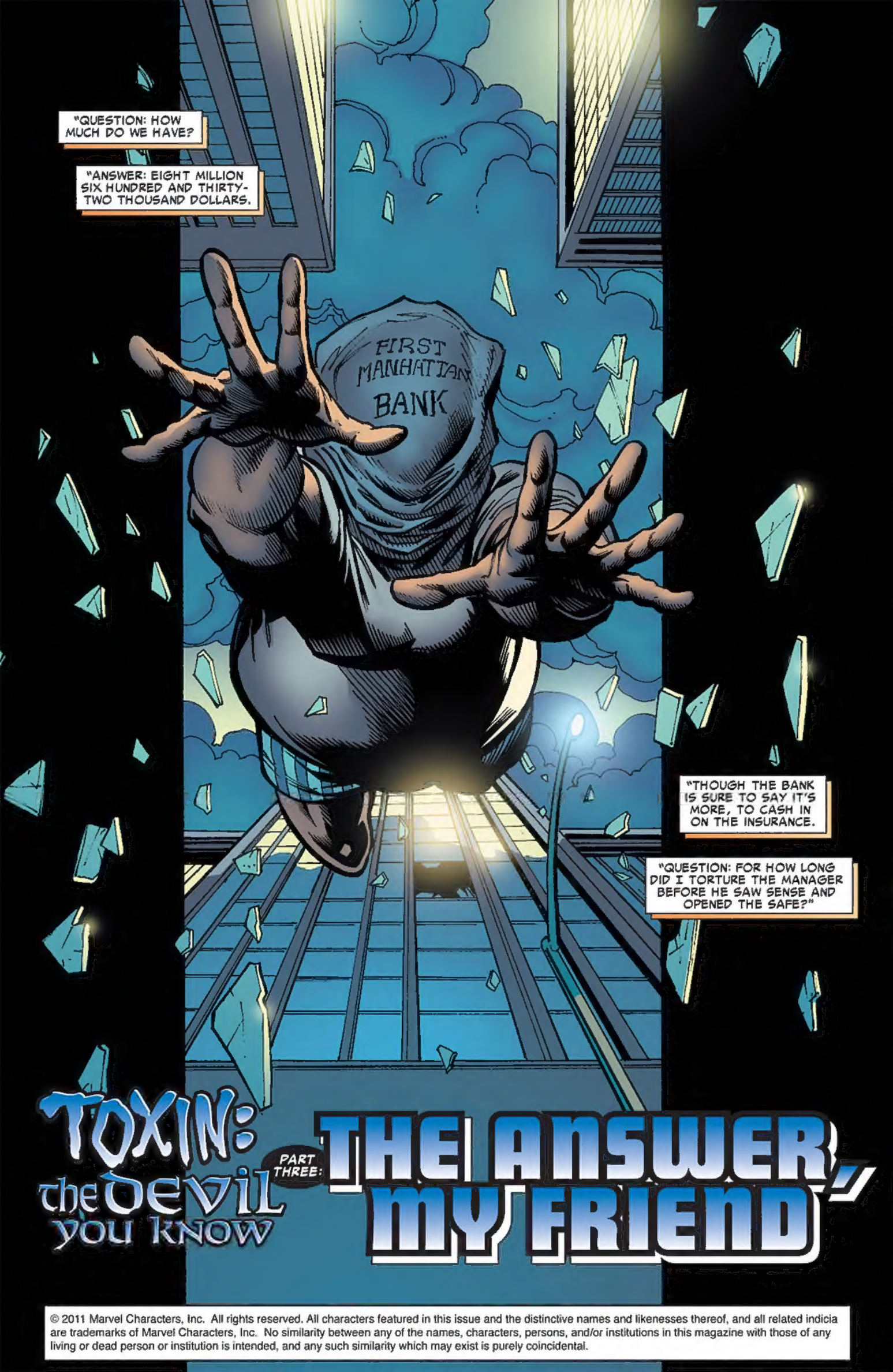


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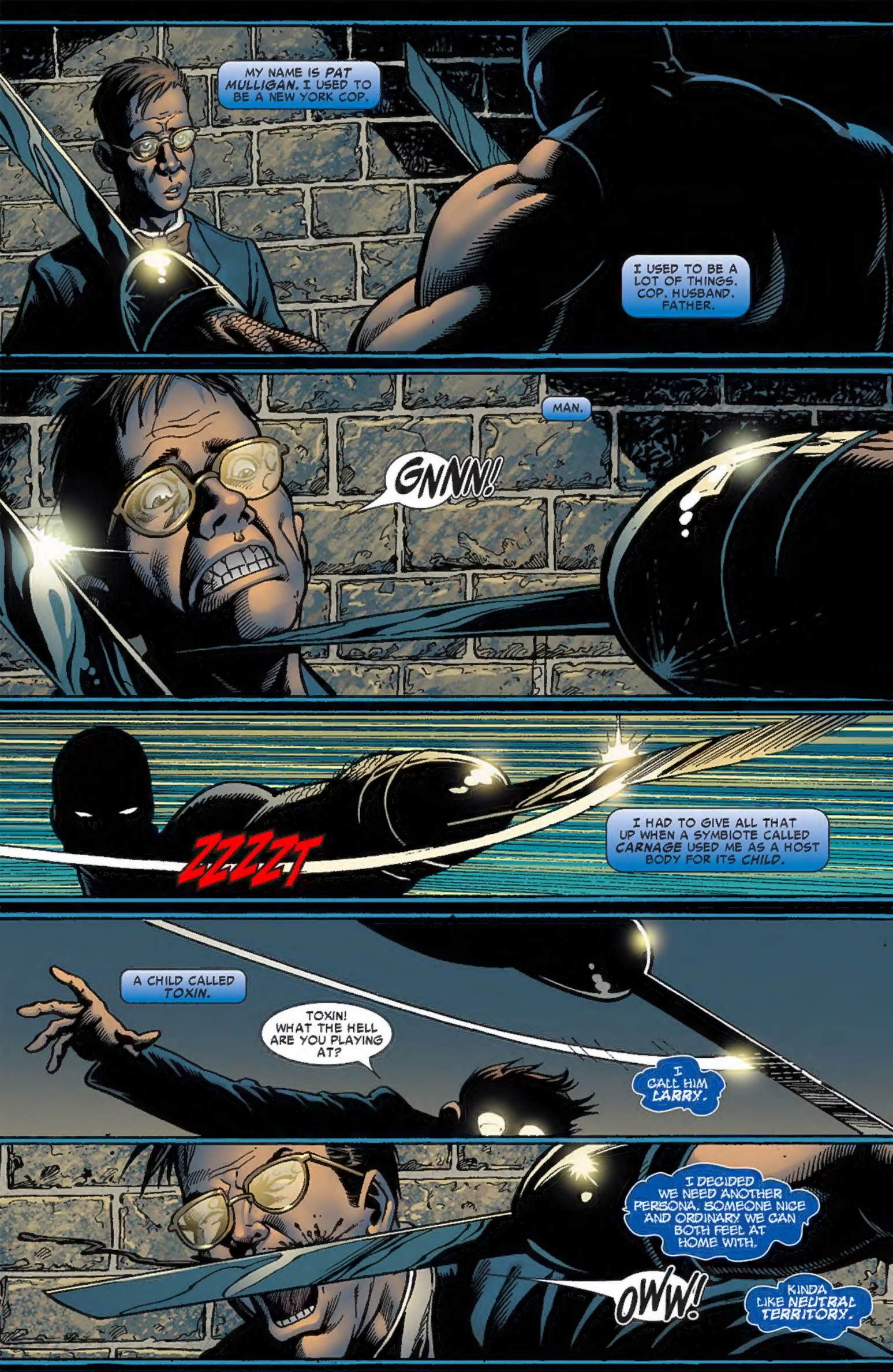
A LONG TIME. THAT GUY HAD GUTS.
THAT GUY HAD A MISPLACED SENSE OF LOYALTY. I HOPE HIS EX-EMPLOYERS BUY HIM A NICE FUNERAL.
ANSWER: I TORTURED HIM FOR EXACTLY THIRTY-TWO MINUTES AND THIRTEEN SECONDS. KEEP WORKING.
QUESTION: WHY DO YOU THINK I NEED ALL THIS DOUGH?
S-SO YOU CAN RETIRE TO A CARIBBEAN ISLAND AND SURROUND YOURSELF WITH BABES?
ANSWER: SO I'LL REMIND THE OWL I'M BACK IN TOWN. AND RE-ESTABLISH MYSELF AS A PLAYER.
QUESTION: HOW LONG HAVE I BEEN ON THE RUN FROM THAT HELLHOLE KNOWN AS RYKER'S ISLAND?
DUNNO. BUT I GOT A FEELIN' YOU'RE GONNA TELL ME.
ANSWER: SIX MONTHS. TWO WEEKS. THREE DAYS. FIVE HOURS, THIRTY SECONDS. AND COUNTING.
EVEN NOW THERE WILL BE FORCES OF LAW AND ORDER PLOTTING TO RECAPTURE ME. FROM LOWLY BEAT COPS TO VAINGLORIOUS SUPER HEROES...
QUESTION...
WHO AMONG THEM WILL FIND THE ANSWER?


MY NAME IS PAT MULLIGAN. I USED TO BE A NEW YORK COP.
I USED TO BE A LOT OF THINGS. COP. HUSBAND. FATHER.
MAN.
GNNN!
ZZZZT
I HAD TO GIVE ALL THAT UP WHEN A SYMBIOTE CALLED CARNAGE USED ME AS A HOST BODY FOR ITS CHILD.
A CHILD CALLED TOXIN.
TOXIN! WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU PLAYING AT?
I CALL HIM LARRY.
I DECIDED WE NEED ANOTHER PERSONA. SOMEONE NICE AND ORDINARY. WE CAN BOTH FEEL AT HOME WITH.
OWW!
KINDA LIKE NEUTRAL TERRITORY.

OKAY, SO YOU'RE FAST. AND YOU'RE A SHAPESHIFTER. IS THAT SUPPOSED TO IMPRESS ME?
NNNGG... N-NO...NOT ESPECIALLY...
LISTEN, I STUDIED UNDER A KUNG FU MASTER WHO BY FORCE OF WILL COULD REARRANGE HIS MOLECULES INTO A BO TREE.
THAT OLD MAN TAUGHT ME THE SOUND OF ONE HAND CLAPPING.
I TAUGHT HIM THE SOUND OF NO HANDS CLAPPING.
SAY, MISTER RAZOR-FIST. HOW DO YOU GO TO THE BATHROOM?
T-TOXIN, DON'T GET HIM EVEN MORE AGITATED.
BUT IT'S BEEN BUGGING ME. WHEN YOU WANNA TAKE A LEAK, HOW DO YOU DO IT?
VERY.
VERY.
CAREFULLY.
ARRGHHHH!

A-ANTON... GET THE HECK OUT OF HERE, WHILE YOU CAN.
IS...IS THAT YOU, OFFICER MULLIGAN?
YES, IT'S ME. NOW GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE HE KILLS US BOTH!
OKAY, TOXIN. I'M BLEEDING. I'M GETTING LIGHT-HEADED. I'M SCARED TO DEATH I'LL NEVER SEE MY LITTLE BOY AGAIN.
I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SAY THIS BUT...
PLEASE, TOXIN! I NEED YOU!
ARGHHHH
THAT'S ALL YOU HAD TO SAY, PAT.

C'MON, ANTON, ALMOST THERE...
THANK YOU, LULU. THANK YOU THANK YOU.
OUTTA MY WAY! GET OUTTA MY WAY!
UGFF!
MASTER? WH-WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
WHAT DOES IT LOOK LIKE? HAVE YOU SEEN THE *SIZE* OF THAT THING DOWN THERE?
BUT YOU CAN'T RUN! YOU'RE THE MASTER. WE *BELIEVE* IN YOU.
AND THERE'LL BE PLENTY MORE DESPERATE, SAD, LITTLE LOSERS TO TAKE YOUR PLACE.
ZZLLTT!
AAGGHH!
LULU!
GO AHEAD, RUN! YOU'RE NO BETTER THAN THE REST OF THEM! YOU'RE JUST LIKE ALL THE OTHER ADULTS.
AND THOSE *HAM-SLICERS* STRAPPED TO YOUR STUMPS LOOK *RIDICULOUS!*

WHY ARE WE STOPPING? THE RAZOR MAN IS GETTING AWAY! I CAN SMELL HIM...HE'S GOING UNDERGROUND AGAIN...

"AND I'D REALLY LIKE TO KNOW HOW HE GOES TO THE BATHROOM..."

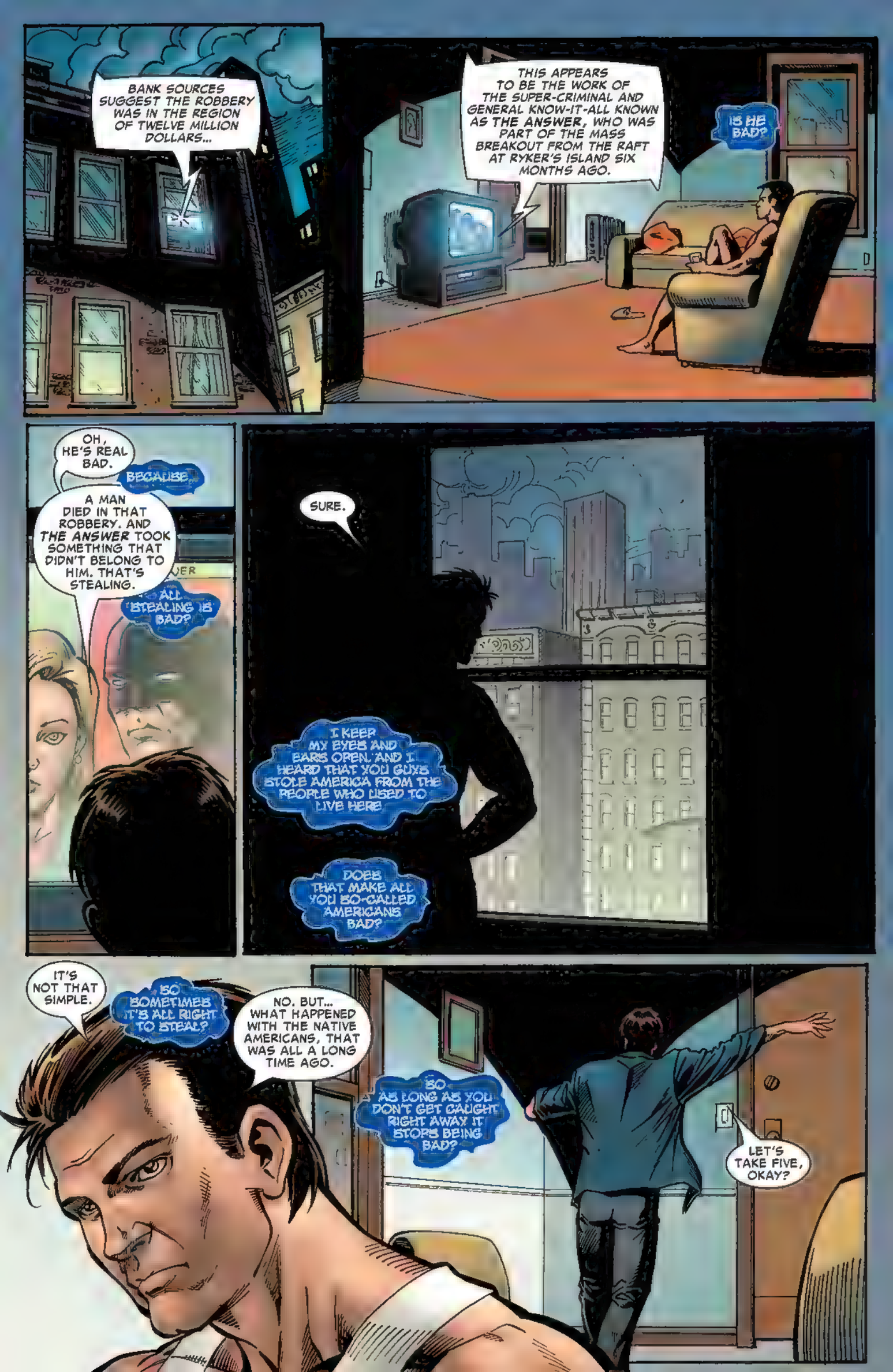
AND I'D REALLY LIKE YOU TO GET OVER YOUR PUERILE OBSESSION WITH RAZOR-FIST'S PLUMBING.
PLEASE! SHE'S LOSING BLOOD. GOING INTO SHOCK.
WE'LL GET HER TO A HOSPITAL.
FORGET THE GIRL! SHE HELPED THE RAZOR MAN. SHE TRIED TO GET YOU KILLED.

SHE'S YOUNG.
I'M YOUNG. THAT DOESN'T STOP YOU CRITICIZING EVERYTHING I DO.
THAT'S DIFFERENT.
WHY? WHY IS THAT DIFFERENT?

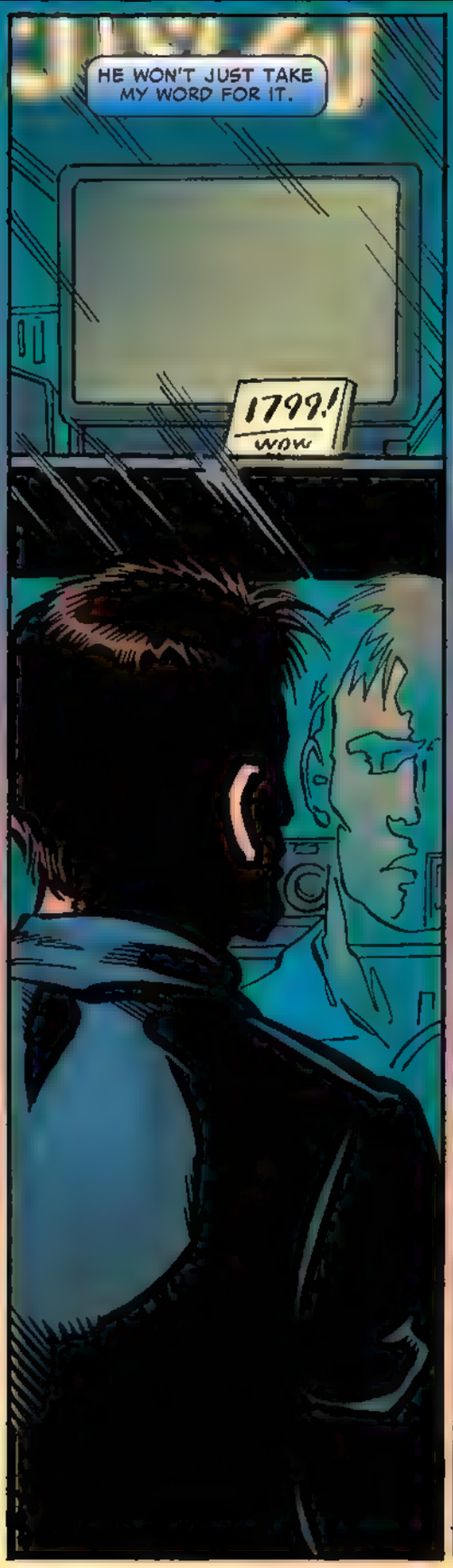
MAYBE I SHOULD JUST CALL AN AMBULANCE.

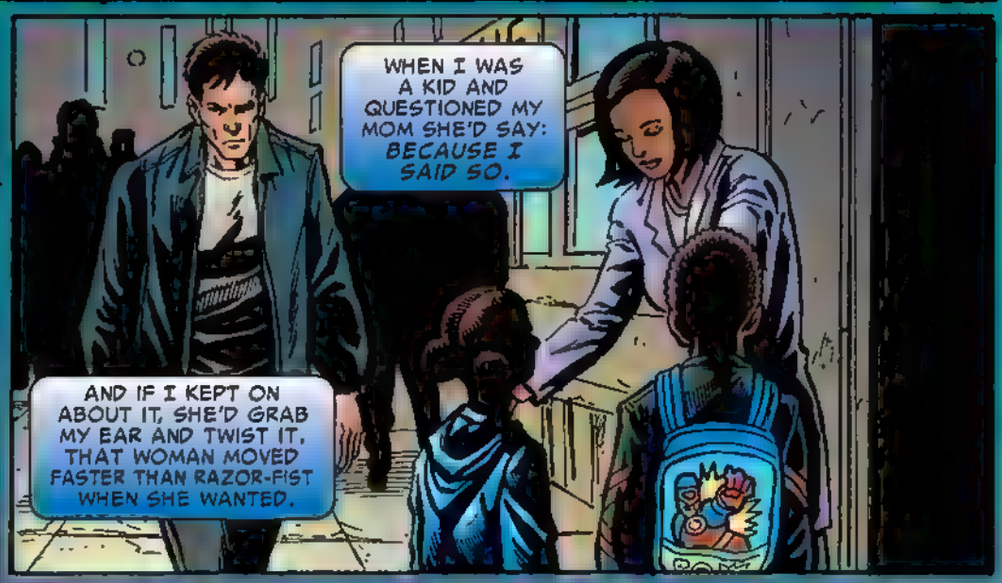
"ANOTHER SECOND AS LARRY AND RAZOR-FIST WOULD HAVE SKINNED US."
"DO YOU HAVE ANY WOUNDS? DID WE NEED STITCHES? LOSE BLOOD? GET SCABBY?"
EMERGEN
St. JOSEPHS
WELL, NO, NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT...EVEN THOUGH HE CUT US...WE SEEM TO BE FINE NOW...
I KNEW OUR WOUNDS WOULD HEAL QUICKLY, THAT'S WHAT COMES WITH HAVING ME AS A PARTNER.
YOU'RE NOT MY PARTNER.
I'M NOT YOUR SLAVE, NEITHER.
I'M THE HOST BODY IN THIS SETUP, THAT MEANS I CALL RANK.
EXCUSE ME, MA'AM. THIS GIRL NEEDS MEDICAL ATTENTION.
--?
WE GOTTA REACH SOME KINDA AGREEMENT.
AN AGREEMENT? WITH AN INSANE, INFANTILE ALIEN MONSTER LIKE YOU?

A SOILED BANDAGE SOAKED THROUGH WITH DRIED BLOOD?
THIS POLICE INFORMANT WE USE SAID HE WANTED SOMETHING YOU'D TOUCHED. SOMETHING TO GET A TRACE WITH. LIKE...HE WAS SETTING SNIFFER DOGS ONTO YOU OR SOMETHING.
HOW DO YOU KNOW THIS FOUND ITS WAY TO SPIDER-MAN?
THE INFORMANT GOT PULLED IN ON AN UNRELATED CHARGE, AND USED THE INFORMATION AS A BARGAINING CHIP. IT'S HOW MOST POLICE WORK OPERATES.
FASCINATING. THANK YOU, OFFICER PERKINS.
AH...M-MASTER? I HAVE SERVED YOU WELL, HAVE I NOT? AM I NOT W-WORTHY OF...BENEDICTION?
VERY WELL, OFFICER PERKINS. THE USUAL?
I-IF IT BE YOUR WILL...
AIEEEEE!


BANK SOURCES SUGGEST THE ROBBERY WAS IN THE REGION OF TWELVE MILLION DOLLARS...
THIS APPEARS TO BE THE WORK OF THE SUPER-CRIMINAL AND GENERAL KNOW-IT-ALL KNOWN AS THE ANSWER, WHO WAS PART OF THE MASS BREAKOUT FROM THE RAFT AT RYKER'S ISLAND SIX MONTHS AGO.
IS HE BAD?
OH, HE'S REAL BAD.
BECAUSE...
A MAN DIED IN THAT ROBBERY. AND THE ANSWER TOOK SOMETHING THAT DIDN'T BELONG TO HIM. THAT'S STEALING.
ALL STEALING IS BAD?
SURE.
I KEEP MY EYES AND EARS OPEN. AND I HEARD THAT YOU GUYS STOLE AMERICA FROM THE PEOPLE WHO USED TO LIVE HERE
DOES THAT MAKE ALL YOU SO-CALLED AMERICANS BAD?
IT'S NOT THAT SIMPLE.
SO SOMETIMES IT'S ALL RIGHT TO STEAL?
NO. BUT... WHAT HAPPENED WITH THE NATIVE AMERICANS, THAT WAS ALL A LONG TIME AGO.
SO AS LONG AS YOU DON'T GET CAUGHT RIGHT AWAY IT STOPS BEING BAD?
LET'S TAKE FIVE, OKAY?

TOXIN AND I HAVE COME TO AN AGREEMENT. HE'LL HELP ME CATCH BAD GUYS.
BUT HE NEEDS TO KNOW WHY THEY ARE BAD. HE NEEDS *CONVINCING.*


HE WON'T JUST TAKE MY WORD FOR IT.
1799!
WOW


WHEN I WAS A KID AND QUESTIONED MY MOM SHE'D SAY: *BECAUSE I SAID SO.*
AND IF I KEPT ON ABOUT IT, SHE'D GRAB MY EAR AND TWIST IT. THAT WOMAN MOVED FASTER THAN RAZOR-FIST WHEN SHE WANTED.

WHAT ABOUT *THIS* PLACE?
DIDN'T IT GIVE ME THE KIND OF MORAL EDUCATION I NEED TO BE ABLE TO ANSWER TOXIN'S TOUGH QUESTIONS ABOUT WHAT MAKES SOMEONE BAD?
St JOSEPH
SERVICES
LIVE LIFE IN THE GLORY OF GOD

HMM. SOMEHOW I DON'T THINK TOXIN'S GOING TO BUY: "BECAUSE IT SAYS SO IN THE BIBLE."
WHY SHOULD HE?

I NEVER DID.

SURE, I REMEMBER MEADOWS. HE WAS PAT'S PARTNER.
WELL, HE SAID THAT PAT'S OKAY. HE SAID PAT STILL LOVES YOU AND MISSES YOU BOTH.

SO WHY DOESN'T PAT COME HOME?

I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING.
I DON'T CARE. SHUT UP.
YOU'RE THINKING HOW IRONIC LIFE IS. YOU LEAVE YOUR OWN CHILD, ONLY TO FIND YOURSELF TRYING TO RAISE ME, ANOTHER CHILD FROM ANOTHER WORLD.

YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M THINKING.
I GOT A PRETTY GOOD IDEA, POPS.
DON'T CALL ME THAT.
WHY TORTURE YOURSELF LIKE THIS? GO BACK TO YOUR FAMILY. ME AND YOUR BOY CAN BE PLAYMATES.

SHUT UP ABOUT MY FAMILY OR I SWEAR I'LL FIND A WAY TO HURT YOU!

WHAT'S THAT?
JUST SOME LUNATIC. A DRUGGY, PROBABLY.
THIS USED TO BE SUCH A NICE NEIGHBORHOOD.

GOD BLESS RAZOR-FIST, EH?
HE DIDN'T MEAN IT. IT'S...IT'S *BLASPHEMOUS.*
ARE YOU RELIGIOUS, PAT?
NOT PARTICULARLY.
BO—

SO NOTHING. SO SHUT UP!
NO NEED TO BE SO SNIPPY. GEE...YOU DID SAY THAT RAZOR-FIST WAS *ALL BAD.*
HE IS! EVERY LAST DROP OF HIM.
BUT HE HELPED THAT KID GET OVER HIS *SELF-HARM* PROBLEM. THAT'S *GOOD,* AIN'T IT?
THAT'S GOOD. BUT RAZOR-FIST IS BAD.

"I'M STARTING TO THINK THINGS AIN'T QUITE AS *BLACK AND WHITE* AS YOU LIKE TO MAKE OUT, PAT."

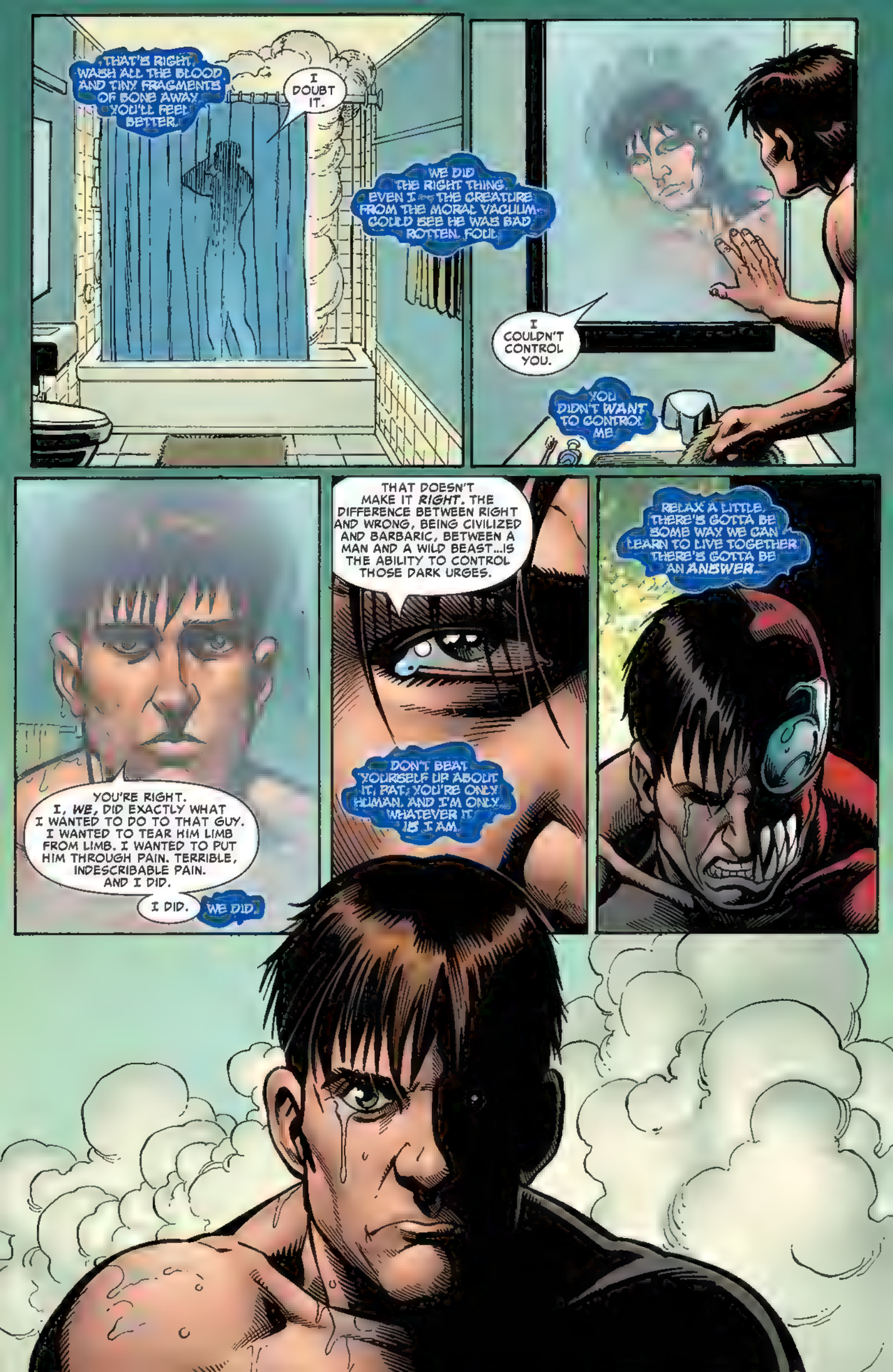
D-DON'T *DO* THIS, JEB...MAYBE WE CAN CUT A DEAL. LET ME CALL THE D.A.'S OFFICE. COME ON, I'M BEGGING YOU...I GOT A WIFE...I G-GOT TWO KIDS...
A WIFE *AND* TWO KIDS?

THAT'S JUST PLAIN *GREEDY.*
BLAMM
BLAMM
BLAMM

IF I KEEP TOXIN BUSY HE TALKS LESS, AND THEREFORE DRIVES ME LESS CRAZY.
SO I RESUME MY HUNT FOR RAZOR-FIST, USING THE OLD SOILED BANDAGE SPIDER-MAN GAVE ME TO TRACK HIM W TH.
BUT SOMETHING'S WRONG.
THAT WEIRD TOXIN MAGIC AIN'T WORKING
SOMEHOW THE TRAIL HAS GONE COLD.
YES, MY PETS. SMOTHER ME IN EXOTIC PERFUME. BESTINK ME WITH PUNGENT O LS AND CREAMS.
MARY, YOU MAY UNGUENT MY SHADOW REGIONS.
AN HONOR, MASTER. BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO LULU? WASN'T SHE MISTRESS OF THE DARK PLACES?
LULU'S TAKING A SABBATICAL.
BUT I'M GLAD YOU MENTIONED HER. I MIGHT LOOK HER UP.
LULU...
IS THIS MY FAULT?
IF I HADN'T BEEN THERE...IF I HADN'T LOST CONTROL...
DOCTOR SAYS SHE'S GONNA BE FINE. IF FINE MEANS SCARRED FOR L FE. MAN, I COULDN'T BELIEVE THE WAY RAZOR-FIST TURNED ON HER, AFTER ALL SHE...
ANTON, I NEED A WORD.
I'M SORRY, PAT...I DON'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH RAZOR-F ST ANYMORE. HE'S MOVED ON.
SO HAVE I.
I DON'T KNOW HOW HE DID IT...BUT RAZOR-FIST SUCCEEDED WHERE THERAPISTS, DOCTORS, AND PRIESTS ALL FAILED.
I DON'T CUT MYSELF ANYMORE. I DON'T NEED TO.
I CAN FACE LIFE, INCLUDING MY PAIN-IN-THE-BUTT PARENTS, WITHOUT RESORTING TO BLADES.
SO, AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED... GOD BLESS RAZOR-FIST.
DOES THAT MEAN YOU KNOW WHERE HE IS BUT YOU'RE PROTECTING HIM?
WHEN I SAY GOD BLESS RAZOR-FIST, THAT DOESN'T MEAN I DON'T KNOW HE'S A DANGEROUS PSYCHOPATH WHO NEEDS A SMACK-DOWN. IF I KNEW WHERE HE WAS I'D TELL YOU.

A YOUNG POLICE OFFICER, DOING HIS JOB, GOT A WIFE AND KIDS WAITING FOR HIM AT HOME...SHOT DEAD IN A STINKING ALLEY.
THAT BLACK AND WHITE ENOUGH FOR YOU, TOXIN?
YE-YEAH--
GOOD.
I COULD STRIKE RIGHT AWAY--BUT I'M SCARED OF WHAT I MIGHT DO TO HIM...
I KEEP SEEING THAT YOUNG COP'S DEAD FACE.
I KEEP IMAGINING HIS KIDS.
GROWING UP WITHOUT THEIR DADDY.
LIKE MY KID.
LIKE EDWARD.

I SEE THAT POOR YOUNG COP...THE FACES OF HIS WIFE AND KIDS WHEN THEY FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM...
THEN I SEE MY OWN POOR WIFE, ASKING MY OLD MAN:
"WHY DOESN'T PAT COME HOME?"
HEY, BUDDY! WHAT YA DOIN' ...JUMPING OUT ON INNOCENT PEOPLE LIKE THAT?
NGGG!
UNTIL FINALLY--
OH--OH MY GOD...Y-YOUR FACE...YOU...
P-PLEASE... D-DON'T HURT ME...
--FINALLY I JUST CAN'T FIGHT ANY MORE...
OKAY, PAIN.
ALL RIGHT, DESPAIR.
YOU WIN.
AAAIEEEEE

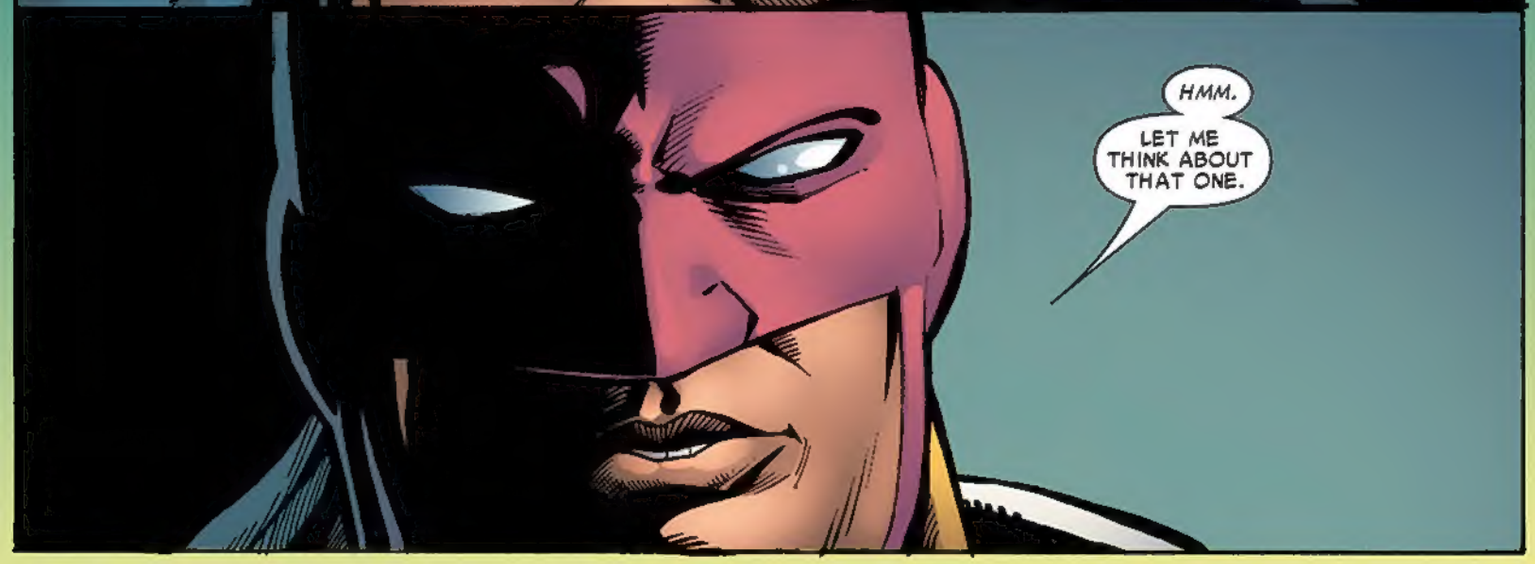

THAT'S RIGHT. WASH ALL THE BLOOD AND TINY FRAGMENTS OF BONE AWAY. YOU'LL FEEL BETTER.
I DOUBT IT.
WE DID THE RIGHT THING. EVEN I - THE CREATURE FROM THE MORAL VACUUM - COULD SEE HE WAS BAD ROTTEN. FOUL.
I COULDN'T CONTROL YOU.
YOU DIDN'T WANT TO CONTROL ME.
YOU'RE RIGHT. I, WE, DID EXACTLY WHAT I WANTED TO DO TO THAT GUY. I WANTED TO TEAR HIM LIMB FROM LIMB. I WANTED TO PUT HIM THROUGH PAIN. TERRIBLE, INDESCRIBABLE PAIN. AND I DID.
I DID.
WE DID.
THAT DOESN'T MAKE IT RIGHT. THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN RIGHT AND WRONG, BEING CIVILIZED AND BARBARIC, BETWEEN A MAN AND A WILD BEAST...IS THE ABILITY TO CONTROL THOSE DARK URGES.
DON'T BEAT YOURSELF UP ABOUT IT, PAT; YOU'RE ONLY HUMAN. AND I'M ONLY WHATEVER IT IS I AM.
RELAX A LITTLE. THERE'S GOTTA BE SOME WAY WE CAN LEARN TO LIVE TOGETHER. THERE'S GOTTA BE AN ANSWER...

QUESTION...
HOW LONG SHOULD I WAIT BEFORE RETURNING THE OWL'S PHONE CALL?
YOU DON'T WAIT. YOU DON'T KEEP A MEAN BIRD LIKE THE OWL WAITING.
ANSWER...
...YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO TALK TO THE OWL, ON THE PRISONER'S PHONE AT RYKER'S ISLAND.
WH-WHO ARE YOU?
DISAPPOINTING. I THOUGHT YOU HAD ALL THE ANSWERS.
WAIT. YES. I HEARD...ABOUT A NEW...A NEW KID ON THE BLOCK...
POISON. CORRUPTION...
...POLLUTION...
OOHHFF!
AM I GETTING WARM?

I'M SEARCHING FOR AN ANSWER TO SOMETHING. SOMETHING THAT'S BEEN ELUDING ME.
HELP ME FIND IT AND I'LL WALK AWAY, AND WE'LL BOTH GET ON WITH OUR LIVES.

OKAY, SHOOT. WHAT D'YOU WANNA KNOW?
I'M A DECENT GUY. USED TO BE A COP. NOW I'VE GOT A CRAZY SYMBIOTE USING ME AS A HOST.

HOWEVER HARD I TRY TO EDUCATE IT, WHATEVER I DO TO BRING IT UP PROPERLY, IT MISBEHAVES. AND IT BRINGS OUT THE WORST IN ME. IT'S DESTROYING ME.
WHAT DO I DO? WHAT'S THE ANSWER?


HMM.
LET ME THINK ABOUT THAT ONE.

QUESTION...
DO I LIKE BEING BACK IN RYKER'S ISLAND?
ANSWER: WHAT DO YOU THINK? IT SERVES ME RIGHT FOR TRUSTING AN EX-COP.
HE PROBABLY DIDN'T LIKE THE ANSWER I GAVE HIM. BUT IT WAS THE SOLUTION TO ALL HIS PROBLEMS.
"GO TO A SUBWAY STATION, I TOLD HIM.
"WAIT UNTIL YOU SEE THAT TRAIN COMING."
3rd
B F EXIT
23rd
SUBWAY MAP
QUESTION...
DOES IT MAKE BEING STUCK BACK IN HERE JUST A LITTLE EASIER TO SWALLOW, KNOWING WHAT I TOLD THAT EX-COP TO DO?

"ANSWER..."

# The Hand